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## Cuban Ladies.

We have said that the Creole ladies never stir abroad except in the national volante, and whatever their domestic habits may be, they are certainly, in this respect, good *house-keepers*. A Cuban belle would never, we fancy, be made to understand the pleasures of that most profitless of all employment, spinning street yarn. While our ladies are busily engaged in sweeping the sidewalks of Chestnut and Broadway with their silk bouces, she wisely leaves that business to the gangs of criminals who perform the office with their limbs chained, and a ball attached to preserve their equilibrium. It is, perhaps, in part owing to these habits that the rest of the Cuban senorita are such a marvel of smallness and delicacy, seemingly made rather for ornament than use. She knows the charms of the *petit pied bien chaussé* that delights the Parisian, and accordingly, as you catch a glimpse of it, as she steps into the volante, you perceive that it is daintily shod in a French slipper, the sole of which is scarcely more substantial in appearance than writing paper.

The feet of the Havana ladies are made for ornament and for dancing. Though with a roundness of figure that leaves nothing to be desired in symmetry of form, yet they are light as a sylph, clad in muslin and lace, so languid and light that it would seem as if a breeze might wait them away like a summer cloud. They are passionately fond of dancing, and tax the endurance of the gentlemen in their heroic worship of Terpsichore. Inspired by the thrilling strains of those Cuban airs, which are at once so sweet and brilliant, they glide and whirl through the mazes of the dance hour after hour, until daylight breaks upon the scene of fury revel. Then, exhausted but not satiated, they betake themselves to sleep, to dream of the cadences of some Cuban Strauss, and to beat time in imagination to the lively notes, and to dream over the soft words and winning glances they have exchanged.

Beautiful as eastern houris, there is a striking and endearing charm about the Cuban ladies, their very motion being replete with a native grace; every limb elastic and supple. Their voices are sweet and low, "an excellent thing in woman," and the subdued tone of their complexions is relieved by the arch vivacity of night-black eyes, that alternately swim in melting lustre or sparkle in expressive glances. Their costume is never ostentatious, though costly; the most delicate muslin, the finest linen, the richest silk, the most exquisitely made satin shoes, these, of course, render their chaste attire exceedingly expensive. There are no "strong-minded" women among them, nor is it hardly possible to conceive of any extremity that could induce them to get up a woman's right convention—a suspension of fans and volantes might produce such a phenomenon, but we very much doubt it.

The creole ladies lead a life of decided ease and pleasure. What little work they do is very light and lady-like, a little sewing and embroidery; the bath and siesta divide the sultry hours of the day. They wait until nearly sunset for the drive in the dear volante, and then go to respond by sweet smiles to the salutations of the *cabaleros* on the Paseos, and after the long twilight to the Plaza de Armas, to listen to the Governor's military band, and then perhaps to join the mazy dance. Yet they are capable of deep and high feeling, and when there was a prospect of the liberation of the island, these fair patriots, it will be remembered, gave their most precious jewels and ornaments as a contribution to the glorious cause of liberty.—[Ballou's History of Cuba.

Among the ladies who have achieved the ascension of Mount Blanc the past season, was a French woman, who, after reaching the summit, caused herself to be lifted upon the shoulders of her guides so that she might be able to boast of having been higher than any man in Europe.

During "an evening with Madam Pfeiffer," a correspondent of the Transcript writes the following:

"Of all the countries I have ever visited," said Madam Pfeiffer, "of all the vile, immoral places I have ever seen or heard of, in savage or civilized lands, the gambling saloons in California are the worst. I went there in company with friends; the doors were open; everything invited entrance.—Splendor in every form; temptation most subtle and powerful, combined to lure the soul and body to destruction—splendid curtains, carpets, exquisitely painted pictures, whose subjects were so impure, that I involuntarily placed my hands over my eyes; wine, liquors of all kinds, free, and to be had for the asking, all combined to lure the poor mortal to sin and death. Yet all was so voluptuously respectable, so perfect in good taste, so refined in appearance, so beautiful to the eye, that its influence stole into the soul, like the deadly poison of the Upas tree. What wonder if, with awakened passions, and brain made insane by liquor, allured by lovely young women, who preside at the table and overlook the game, with gold around and on every side of him, the poor victim rushed to the gaming table for a new excitement and a new phase of stimulation?"

I asked Madam Pfeiffer, of all the countries she had seen, which she should prefer as a residence, quite aside from her love of her native land, (which is, I think, Prussia.) She said, "Ceylon, the Island of Ceylon; the climate is so fine, the country so beautiful, the people so kind, hospitable and courteous."

**CURIOUS FACT.**—By a simple experiment, it is easy to discover to what animal any kind of blood or spots of blood belonged.—The process is as follows: Put a few drops of blood, or the serum of blood, into a glass; add concentrated sulphuric acid to the amount of one-third or one-half the quantity of blood, and stir the whole together with a glass rod; by this means the odoriferous principle peculiar to the species of animal to which the blood belonged, is evolved; thus, for instance, the blood of man discharges a strong odor of the perspiration of man, which it is impossible to confound with any other; that of a woman a similar odor, but much weaker; that of a sheep the well-known smell of greasy wool; of a pig, the disagreeable odor of a piggery; and so on. Even the blood of a frog has given out the peculiar smell of marshy reeds, and that of a carp the peculiar smell of a fresh water fish. Upon trials made to ascertain whether spots of blood could be distinguished and referred to their source, it was found that to a certain extent a pretty sure judgment can be given even after fifteen days. The spotted linen is to be cut out, put into a watch glass, and, being moistened with a little water, left for a short time at rest, and well soaked; a little sulphuric acid is to be added and stirred about with a glass rod, the peculiar odor will then be recognized; but this experiment should be performed without delay, for after a fortnight the odor is scarcely perceptible.

**SOMETHING RARE.**—There is a gentleman in this city, who still considers himself passably juvenile, having just entered upon his 93d year. He is rather a new comer in New Orleans, having resided here only 72 years. This sprightly and vigorous veteran complained a day or two ago of something strange—one of his teeth ached. He had never lost a tooth, and had never up to that time suffered the slightest pain in any of his 32 brilliant masticators which still adorn his mouth. Beat this who can.—[N. O. Bee.

**AN OLD MAN.**—There is now living, says the Annapolis Republican, in the lower section of this county, a man by the name of Richard Crandall, who is 106 years old, and is said to be very active and sprightly, and speaks of the improvements he intends to make on his farm like a man of 40 or 50.

## "A Man among the Women."

A remarkable trial came off lately in Orange county, N. Y., wherein a man named Ringland was plaintiff, and certain brethren of the Methodist persuasion were defendants. The suit was instituted by the plaintiff to recover damages from defendants for pitching said plaintiff out of meeting. The facts were these in brief: Ringland in company with his wife, and another female friend, went to an evening prayer meeting at the Methodist Church in Gardentown, and took his seat in the rear of the room by the side of his wife and friend. An ancient custom in that Church forbids males and females from sitting together during service, and soon it was circulated through the congregation that "a man was among the women." The plaintiff was requested to go on the "men's side," but he remained seated. One of the trustees—after the plaintiff had explained that it was his wont to sit by his wife, consented that he might keep his seat, provided he would behave himself and keep quiet. Other members, however, protested against such infraction of their time honored rule, and five of them insisted that the plaintiff must "go to the other side," or go out of the church. The plaintiff would not leave the women, and thereupon commenced a free fight. Two defendants each grasped a leg, another two each seized an arm, and another carried the head. The plaintiff squirmed and kicked, the defendants tugged and pulled, the men and women got thoroughly mixed up, the lights were extinguished, the stove and pipe tumbled down, the plaintiff was carried out "feet foremost," and the defendants were decreed to pay \$51 for an assault and battery. But the man stuck to the women.

**SULPHUR.**—This mineral product is the key which opens the door to chemical manufactures. From it we make sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol,) and without sulphuric acid many of the largest factories would cease to exist. By its aid we are enabled to produce so many substances, that the bare mention of them would fill the whole paper. Bleaching, dyeing, soda-making, metal refining, electro-plating, electro-telegraphing, &c., are primarily indebted to this acid. Many of the most valued medicines could not be made without it—such as either, calomel, &c.—Sulphur being the chief ingredient of gunpowder, modern warfare could not go on comfortably without it. A people that does not possess lucifer matches stands beyond the pale of civilization; yet matches cannot be made without sulphur—not because matches are dipped into melted brimstone before they are "tipped" with the phosphoric composition which ignites them, but because this very material could not be made without the indirect use of sulphur. In England we consume sixty thousand tons of sulphur annually, which is imported to this country from the volcanic regions of Sicily. For political reasons, the King of Naples has recently prohibited the export of sulphur to any of the kingdoms now at war. Reckoning the value of sulphur at £5 per ton, implies a loss of £300,000—a pretty liberal "peace-offering" from the king of the two Sicilies! This loss of sulphur will be very severely felt for a short time in England; but eventually it will be of great service, as we have as much brimstone in this country as commerce requires—a fact that will soon be made manifest by the demand for it; and when once it is seen that our own resources are sufficient, the King of Naples must never expect us to go to his shop any more. It was thus during the last wars that we prevented the French people from eating Jamaica sugar; so they set to and made sugar from beet-root, and we have lost so much trade ever since.—[Septimus Piesse.

**HEAVY SALES.**—Over 50,000 acres of land were sold at the Dubuque land office, between the morning of the 9th and noon of the 10th inst.—[Davenport Gaz.

## Caught in a Trap.—Yes or No.

Two Norman peasants were accustomed to meet every night to play cards. One of them, Antoine, was a widower, and he had a charming daughter, Sophia. The other friend was unmarried, and the possessor of an easy fortune.

Sophia, accustomed every day to see Philippe, at last became greatly attached to him, perhaps somewhat attached to his little fortune, although Philippe was well preserved, notwithstanding he had already reached a certain age. However, their marriage was agreed upon; but as the day of its celebration drew near, Philippe began to grow cool, and when the parties came before the civil authority who was to tie the knot, he replied with a strongly accented "No," when asked whether he would take Sophia to be his wife.

As may well be supposed, the anger of Antoine was very violent, and Sophia was greatly distressed, and the consequence was that the evening card party was broken up. At the end of some weeks, Philippe met Sophia, and thus addressed her:

"Believe me, my dear child, I had no intention to insult you, and I greatly regret the breaking up of our friendship, and the card parties; but how can I make Pere Antoine forget the insult he thinks I have put upon him? I assure you I reproach myself with it every day."

"I think," replied Sophia, "that I can discover a means. Go and speak to my father, tell him you are willing to marry me, and fix upon an early day for the wedding, and when we come before the mayor, I will in my turn say 'No,' and we shall be quits."

Charmed with the idea of so cheaply recovering the means of pursuing his favorite recreation of cards, Philippe threw himself at the feet of his old friend, asked all sorts of pardons, and begged that he would suffer him to lead his daughter before the mayor as soon as possible.

After some hesitation, the old man showed himself generous, and tendered his hand to his future son-in-law.

On the Saturday following, Philippe, Sophia, and Antoine presented themselves before the mayor.

"Philippe —," said the mayor, "do you consent to take for your lawful wife Sophia —, here present?"

"Yes," replied Philippe.

"And you, Sophia —, do you consent to take for your lawful husband, Philippe?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the young maiden, firmly.

The deceitful bridegroom was fairly caught.

Sophia was his wife in spite of him. He made the best of it, and it is said never had reason to regret the trick that had been played upon him. He passed his days happily, played cards evenings with his father-in-law, and lived to be himself the father of a happy family of children.

**FARMERS.**—Adam was a farmer, while yet in Paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job, the honest, and upright, and patient, was a farmer, and his endurance passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy. St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man. Cincinnatus was a farmer, and noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at the plow and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and presented to the world a spectacle of human greatness. To these may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette, and the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, and the fiery Randolph, all found an Eldorado of consolation from life's cares, and troubles, in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.